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CHENEY'S

✧ HANDY ✧ EDITION ✧

OF SELECT

Humorous *and* Pathetic



ECITATIONS

—AND—

READINGS.

For Lyceums, School and Church Entertain-
ments, Temperance Lodges, Juvenile
Societies, Etc., Etc.

Also Gems for the Autograph Album.

EDITED BY

MRS. A. L. CHENEY.

1890.

SUFFOLK COUNTY NEWS PRINT,
SAVVILLE, L. I.

CONTAINS INSTRUCTIONS FOR ORGANIZING A BROOM DRILL.

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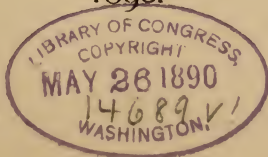
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EDITED BY
Cheney, Fannie E. Williams
MRS A. L CHENEY.

SAYVILLE, L. I.:

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PREFACE.

This volume was not "set up" as a target for critics, but was compiled in the hope that it might prove valuable in the field for which it is designed.

It does not contain a line of impure reading matter, and can, therefore, be used without deleterious effect upon the minds of the young, or shock to the finest sensibilities of the old.

It is truly a "Woman's Work," nearly every line in the book being put in type by the compiler.

It is issued not with the intention of "filling an aching void," or "appeasing a long felt want," but with the desire to provide a compact hand book for literary circles, and as such it rests upon its merits. We trust it will meet with the same kindly spirit in which it is humbly given.

THE COMPILER.

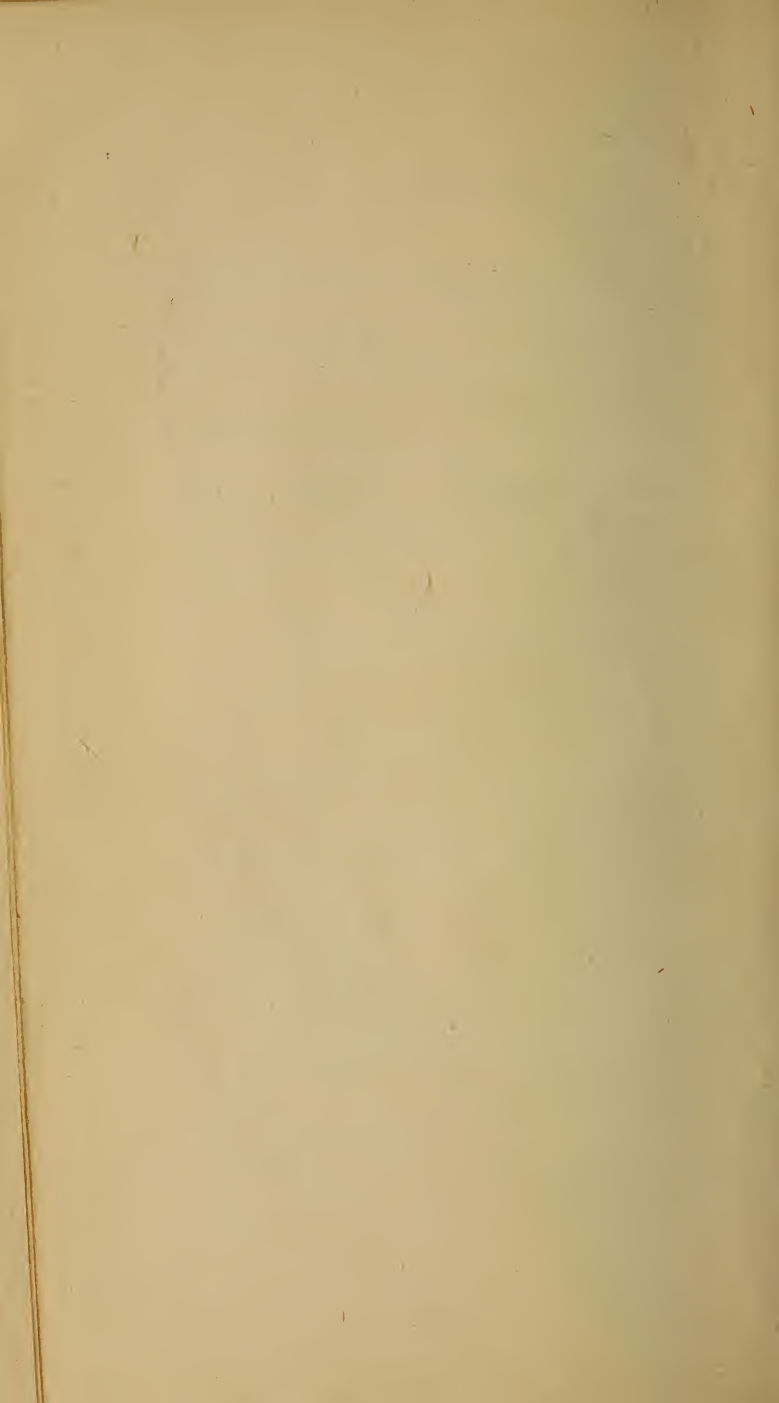
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MISCELLANEOUS.

The World as I Find It.

They say the world's a weary place,
Where tears are never dried,
Where pleasures pass like breath on glass,
And only woes abide.
It may be so—I cannot know—
Yet this I dare to say,
My lot has had more glad than sad,
And so it has to-day.

They say that love's a cruel jest;
They tell of women's wiles—
That poison dips in pouting lips,
And death in dimpled smiles.
It may be so—I cannot know—
Yet sure of this I am,
One heart is found above the ground
Whose love is not a sham.

They say that life's a bitter curse—
That hearts are made to ache,
That jest and song are gravely wrong,
And health a vast mistake.
It may be so—I cannot know—
But let them talk their fill;
I like my life, and love my wife,
And mean to do so still.

—FREDERICK LANDBRIDGE.

The Blue and the Gray.

The women of Columbus, Mississippi, strewed flowers
on the graves of both Northern and
Southern dead.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

Those in the robings of glory;
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lillies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,—
Brodered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So when the Summer calleth
 On forest and field of grain,
 With an equal murmur falleth
 The cooling drip of the rain.
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day,---
 Wet with the rain, the Blue,
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done;
 In the storm of the years that are fading
 No braver battle was won.
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day,—
 Under the blossoms, the Blue,
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Nor the winding river be red;
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of our dead.
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day,—
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and love for the Gray.

—FRANCIS M. FINCH.

NOTE.—A very pretty and impressive effect can be made with this poem by two men, one dressed in blue uniform, the other in gray, carrying arms. Let one repeat the first four lines, and both join in the last four lines in chorus. They can alternate the verses as they proceed with the poem, and at the end of each go through military evolutions with guns.—[EDITOR.

Place Your Hand in Mine, Wife.

'Tis five and twenty years to-day
Since we were man and wife,
And that's a tidy slice, I say,
From anybody's life,
And if we want, in looking back,
To feel how time has flown,
There's Jack, you see, our baby Jack,
With whiskers of his own.

Place your hand in mine, wife,
We've loved each other true;
And still, in shade or shine, wife,
There's love to help us through.

It's not been all smooth sailing, wife,
Not always laughing May;
Sometimes it's been a weary strife
To keep the wolf away.
We've had our little tiffs, my dear;
We've often grieved and sighed;
One lad has cost us many a tear;
Our little baby died.

Place your hand in mine, wife,
We've loved each other true;
And still, in shade or shine, wife,
There's love to help us through.

But wife, your love along the road
Has cheered the roughest spell,
You've borne your half of every load,
And often mine as well.
I've rued full many a foolish thing
Ere well the step was ta'en;
But, oh! I'd haste to buy the ring
And wed you o'er again.

Place your hand in mine, wife
We've loved each other true;
And still, in shade or shine, wife,
There's love to help us through.

'Twas you who made me own the Hand
That's working all along,
In ways we cannot understand.
Still bringing right from wrong,
You've kept me brave and kept me true,
You've made me trust and pray;
My gentle evening star were you,
That blessed the close of day.

—FREDERICK LANDBRIDGE.

The Farmer.

The king may rule o'er land and sea,
The lord may live right royally,
The soldier ride in pomp and pride,
The sailor roam o'er ocean wide.
But this, or that, whate'er befall,
The Farmer he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The craftsmen fashion wondrous things,
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,
The miner follows the precious leads,
But this, or that, whate'er befall,
The Farmer he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy and sell,
The teacher do his duty well,
But men may toil through busy days,
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways,
From king to beggar whate'er befall,
The Farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth,
He's partner with the sky and earth,
He's partner with the sun and rain,
And no man loses for his gain,
And men may rise, or men may fall,
But the Farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer dares his mind to speak,
He has no gift or place to seek,
To no man living need he bow;
The man that walks behind the plow
Is his own master, whate'er befall,
And king or beggar he feeds us all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat,
Who finds us milk, and fruit, and meat;
May his purse be heavy, his heart be light,
His cattle and corn, and all, go right,
God bless the seeds his hands let fall,
For the Farmer he must feed us all.

--LILLIE E. BARR.

“Proof of the Pudding.”

“Man’s work’s from sun to sun;
But woman’s work is never done.”
—*Old Proverb.*

There was a man who lived in the woods,
And this you may plainly see;
For he said he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.

“So be it,” the good wife said,
“But this you must allow—
That you will work at home to-day,
And I’ll go follow the plow.

“You must milk the pretty brown cow,
For fear she should go dry;
And you must feed the little fat pig
That lives in yonder sty.

“You must watch the speckled hen,
Or she may lay astray;
And you must wind the bobbin of thread
That I spun yesterday.”

Then the woman took the staff in hand,
And went to follow the plow;
Her husband took the shining pail,
And went to milk the cow.

Tiny she hunched, and Tiny she finched,
And Tiny she stuck up her nose,
Then gave the old man such a kick in the face
That the blood ran down to his toes!

“Soh, Tiny! Ho, Tiny!
My pretty brown cow, stand still,
If ever I try to milk you again
’Twill be against my will!”

He went to feed the little fat pig
That lived in “yonder sty,”
And struck his head upon a beam,
Which caused his brain to fly.

He could not watch the speckled hen,
And so she laid astray;
He forgot to wind the bobbin of thread
His wife spun yesterday.

The dinner to get, the table to set,
The beds to make up smooth.
The house to sweep, the bread to knead,
"Too much for him, in truth!"

Dried apples to string, a patch to set on,
These she said nothing about.
"Enough for a week," in despair tho't John,
And he was no lazy lout.

"Windows to wash, the stove to make bright
The beans to put baking for Sunday,
And all to be done before it comes night—
Too much for only one day!"

So Jonathan saw, by the light of the moon,
And the green leaves on the tree,
That his wife could do more work in a day
Than he could do in three!

—M. C. P. ASSONET.

What Is Heaven ?

"What is Heaven?" I asked a little child:
"All joy !" and in her innocence she smiled.

I asked the aged, with her care oppressed:
"All suffering o'er, Oh, Heaven, at last is
rest !"

I asked a maiden, meek and tender eyed:
"It must be love!" she modestly replied.

I asked the artist, who adored his art:
"Heaven is all beauty!" spoke his raptured
heart.

I asked the poet, with his soul afire:
"'Tis glory—glory!" and he struck his lyre.

I asked the Christian, waiting her release:
A halo round her, low she murmured:
"Peace !"

So all may look with hopeful eyes above,
'Tis beauty, glory, joy, rest, peace and love!

—Philadelphia Call.

Don't Let Them Bury Me Deep.

Lift me a bit in my bed father;
Press your warm lips to my cheek;
Put your arm under my head, father—
I am so tired and so weak.
I cannot stay long awake now—
Many a night I shall sleep.
Promise one thing for my sake, now—
Don't let them bury me deep!

Cover my bed with sweet flowers, father,
Those I so well loved to see,
So in the long lonely hours, father,
They'll be companions for me.
If I should wake in the night, then,
Their lips my sad face would sweep.
Make my grave cheerful and bright, then—
Don't let them bury me deep!

When to the church you all go, father,
At the sweet Sabbath bell's tone,
I shall be dreary, you know, father,
Lying out there all alone.
Hang my bird near in the tree, then—
Watch over me he will keep;
He will sing sweet hymns to me, then—
Don't let them bury me deep!

Call on me whene'er you pass, father,
Where by your side I oft ran;
Put your face down on the grass, father,
Near to my own as you can.
If I could look up and hear you,
Into your arms I would creep;
Let me sometimes nestle near you—
Don't let them bury me deep!

Look! who has come for me now, father.
Standing near to my bed?
Some one is kissing my brow, father--
Mamma. I thought you were dead!
See! she is smiling so bright to you,
Beckons for you not to weep;
'Tis not good-by, but good night, to you--
They cannot bury me deep!

--WILL CARLTON.

The Noble Man?

What constitutes the noble man
 And fitly measures life's brief span?
 The breath of fame?
 A titled name?
 Some creed believed?
 Some deed achieved?
 The idle pomp of kingly power?
 The empty trappings of an hour?

Let those who prize the crowd's behest
 Stand slaves to folly's train confessed,
 Enjoy a day
 Of sordid sway,
 Or glory won
 On Marathon,
 Or Burmah's gold with ease attained,
 Or widened realms ignobly gained.

But grander far than power or pelf
 The soul's dominion over self.
 A heart aglow
 For others' woe,
 The high-born thought.
 The grandly-wrought
 Resolve attuned to exalted end;
 These noble manhood e'er attend.

Who thus fulfils his Maker's trust,
 In simple love of virtue, must,
 His name enshrined
 By all his kind,
 Enwreathed upon
 The escutcheon
 Of true renown, complete his days
 'Mid earth and heaven's conspiring praise.
 —W. H. KISTER.

HUMOROUS.

Rules for the Ladies.

Dress hard all morning, such is fate,
Then enter church some minutes late.

All eyes will then be turned on you,
And will observe your bonnet new.

Let humble modesty wreath your face,
And take your seat with faultless grace.

Let all your thoughts be fixed on high,
And rearrange your cardinal tie.

Think how religion's prone to bless,
And criticise your neighbor's dress.

Let all your heart be filled with praise,
And notice Mrs. Miggle's lace.

Put from your mind all thoughts of sin,
And readjust your diamond pin.

Think of how good religion proves,
And then smooth out your buttoned gloves,

Catch well the precepts as they fall,
And smooth the wrinkles in your shawl.

Think of the sinner's fearful fate,
And notice if your bonnet's straight.

Pray for the influence divine,
That lady's basque, mark the design,

Let tender peace possess your mind,
And criticise that hat behind.

Reflect on Christian graces dear,
And fix those curls beside your ear.

Let your heart warm with silent prayer,
And view that horrid green silk there.

Reflect upon the wicked's ways,
See if your gold chain's out of place.

Think of the peace the good shall find,
And wonder who are sitting behind.

Think of the burdens Christians bear,
And notice those strange ladies there.

The last words hear with contrite heart,
And fix your pull-back when you start.

---UNKNOWN AUTHOR,

"If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be
To read, to study—not to lend,
But to return to me.

"Not that imparted knowledge rent
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more,"

"Read slowly, Pause frequently, Think seri-
ously, Keep cleanly, Return duly,
With the corners of the leaves not turned
down.

Dan's Wife.

Up in the early morning light,
Sweeping, dusting, "setting right"
Oiling all the household springs,
Sewing buttons, tying strings,
Telling Bridget what to do,
Mending rips in Johnny's shoe,
Running up and down the stair,
Tying baby in her chair,
Cutting meat and spreading bread,
Dishing out so much per head,
Eating as she can by chance,
Giving husband kindly glance,
Toiling, working, busy life—
Smart woman,
Dan's wife.

Dan comes home at fall of night.
Home so cheerful, neat and bright,
Children meet him at the door,
Pull him in and look him o'er,
Wife asks, How the work has gone?
Busy times with us at home!
Supper done—Dan reads with ease;
Happy Dan but one to please,
Children must be put to bed—
All the little prayers are said,
Little shoes are placed in rows,
Bedclothes tucked o'er little toes,
Busy, noisy, weary life—
Tired woman,
Dan's wife.

Dan reads on, and falls asleep—
See the woman softly creep;
Baby rests at last, poor dear!
Not a word her heart to cheer;
Mending baskets full to top,
Stockings, shirt, and little frock;
Tired eyes and weary brain,
Side with darting, ugly pain;
"Never mind; 'twill pass away!"
She must work, but never play;
Closed piano, unused books;
Done the walks to easy nooks;
Brightness faded out of life,
Saddened woman,
Dan's wife.

Up stairs, tossing to and fro,
 Fever holds the woman low;
 Children wander free to play
 When and where they will to-day ;
 Bridget loiters--dinner's cold,
 Dan looks anxious, cross and old;
 Household screws are out of place,
 Lacking one dear, patient face;
 Steady hands, so weak, but true,
 Hands that knew just what to do,
 Never knowing rest or play,
 Folded now and laid away;
 Work of six in one short life,
 Shattered woman,
 Dan's wife.

—MRS. KATE T. WOODS,

Not Yet.

She.

Yes, the violin I played
 Long before you came to woo,
 But I ceased when we were wed,
 For the practice, mother said,
 You'd taboo.

She was wrong, my own, my best !
 You have bought a violin
 For your wife—she is blest,
 Now, I pray you, get a rest
 For my chin,

He.

Ask not that, love, I entreat,
 For I listen and rejoice
 When you speak—'tis joy complete,
 For like music low and sweet
 Is your voice,

When Love's sun is in the west,
 And to quarrel we begin:
 When your tongue becomes a pest,
 Then I'll try to find a rest
 For your chin,

—Boston Courier.

The Married Man.

Adown the street the married man
Starts off with hurried tread,
But from the door a wifely voice
Calls, "Don't forget the bread."

He smiles and nods and turns to go,
The careless married man,
When loud the servant calls him—"O,
You haven't got the can!"

He nods again, in fretful style,
But pulleth down his hat,
And lo, his sister with a smile,
Cries, "Won't you bring my hat?"

"Oh, yes," he shouts, and, truth to tell,
He need not shout so loud;
But shrills his son, with stunning yell,
"Theater tickets for the crowd,"

His daughter from the window high,
Esteps him with a call;
She wants a fan, a pair of gloves,
A new pink parasol.

He hears no more; far down the street,
His echoing footsteps fly;
And all day long, in measure fleet,
He hums "Sweet buy-and-buy."

But when the evening respite brings,
And this day's toil is done,
Though told to get a hundred things,
He hasn't brought home one.

Patience and Paine.

'Twas in 'ye pleasant olden time
That in a town of Maine,
There stood a little meeting-house,
Whose parson's name was Paine.

And every spinster in the place,
For him did set her cap,
And lengthy tho' his sermons were.
None ever saw a gape.

But none of all the damsels there
Found favor in his sight,
Save one, a gentle, modest maid,
Whose name was Patience White.

At meeting on one Winter eve,
When time had come to sing,
He read the first line of a hymn,
(Which wicked mirth did bring,)

“ See gentle Patience smile on pain,”
He read in nasal tone,
And sure a more hilarious laugh
That place had never known.

And then the parson, hurt and vexed,
His eyes with sorrow dim,
Caught up the book and hastened to
Give out another hymn.

But deeper in the mire he got,
(The laugh became a groan)
“ Oh grant me grief for others woes,
And Patience for my own,” P. L.

Love's Barrier.

She's the daintiest girl
In the town!
My brain's in a whirl
When I think of my Pearl,
Of the witch-charm that lies
In her exquisite eyes,
Soft and brown.

I would go to her now,
If I could !
At her feet I would bow
And my passion avow !
She would gladden my life
She would be my own wife,
Fair and good.

But I cannot my sweet
One usurp,
I can't fall at her feet,
And her praises repeat—
I'm too timid to go,
For her father, you know,
Keeps a purp.

—Somerville Journal.

He Never Told a Lie.

I saw him standing in the crowd,
A comely youth and fair.
There was a brightness in his eye,
A glory in his hair,
I saw his comrades gaze on him—
His comrades standing by;
I heard them whisper each to each,
“He never told a lie !”

I looked in wonder on that boy,
As he stood there so young;
To think that never an untruth
Was uttered by his tongue,
I thought of all the boys I'd known—
Myself among the fry—
And knew of none that one could say
“He never told a lie !”

I gazed upon that youth with awe
That did enchain me long;
I had not seen a boy before
So perfect and so strong.
And with a something of regret
I wished that he was I,
So they might look at me and say
“He never told a lie!”

I thought of questions very hard
For boys to answer right:
“How did you tear those pantaloons?”
“My son, what caused the fight?”
“Who left the gate ajar last night?”
“Who bit the pumpkin pie?”
What boy could answer all of these
And never tell a lie?

I proudly took him by the hand
My words with praise were rife,
I blessed that boy who never told
A falsehood in his life;
I told him I was proud of him
A fellow standing by
Informed me that *that* boy was dumb
Who never told a lie !

—GLOBE DEMOCRAT,

News.

Ho ! tell it throughout Bridgeport, tell ;
 Let Stratford know the fact as well ;
 Proclaim it on the Milford shore,
 Then fly inland and tell it o'er ;
 To Huntington the news impart,
 For Trumbull and Mouroe then start;
 Announce the word in Amblersville,
 And let it echo up Long Hill ;
 To Stepney take an early flight,
 On Newtown's lovely hill alight ;
 Up the Housatonic valley spread it,
 Till every living soul has read it;
 Then turn again down to the coast—
 Let not a moment's time be lost ;
 Report it to the Westportite,
 And then to Southport take your flight ;
 At Fairfield publish the good news ;
 Then fly to Black Rock if you choose.
 Thunder it o'er each railroad track,
 From Halifax to Hackensack
 Spread, Oh ! spread the joyful truth—
 "The darling baby's got a tooth ! !"

—MALCOLM MOLLAN.

[NOTE.—Names of places can be changed
 to suit any locality.]

Vas Marriage a Failure ?

Vas marriage a failure? Vell, now, dot depends
 Altogeddher on how you look at id, mine friends.
 Like dhose double-horse teams dot you see at the races,
 Id depends pooty mooch on der pair in der traces;
 Eef dhey don'd pull togeddher rightd off at der start,
 Ten dimes oudt of nine dhey vas beddher apart.
 Vas marriage a failure? I ask mine Katrine,
 Und she look off me so dot I feels pooty mean.
 Dhen she say: "Mr. Strauss, shust come hear, eef you
 blesze."
 Und she dake me where Yawcob und leattle Loweeze
 By dher shnug trundle-bed vast shust saying dheir
 brayer,
 Und she say, mit a smile: "*Vas der some failures
 dhere ?*"

—YAWCOB STRAUSS, in the Boston Pilot.

Three Stages of Life.

Ante-Nuptial:

Sweet love, I know that I must go:
'Tis late; the noon of night is nigh;
Time speeds away and yet I stay.
A lingering lover sweet am I—
Ah ! how I hate to say good-by.

Good night, my own ! when you're alone,
Ere slumber seals those starry eyes,
Oh ! give a tender thought to one
Who takes his leave of you with sighs,
Whose heart still for your presence cries.

One kiss—adieu—I wish for you
Dreams roseate and slumbers light.
The time is nigh when you and I
No more will need to say good night.

Nuptial.

How radiant in her bridal dress !
How sweet the love light in her eyes !
To-day she crowns my happiness,
And earth becomes a paradise.

I marvel, as I look upon
Her now, arrayed in beauty's pride,
By what strange arts of love I won
'This wingless angel for my bride,

And I need go from her no more,
Nor dread her irate father's frown,
When parting from her at the door,
For fear his sudden coming down.

No more to leave her at the gate,
And sighing wander home alone.
For where she is—that's home; thank fate
She's mine at last, my wife, my own.

Post Nuptial.

What's that you say ? " 'Tis folly's height
To try on you that played-out dodge
To come home at this time of night,
Pretending I've been at the lodge ?"

Where--hic--do you suppose I've been?
 "In some saloon?" You're quite a joker.
 Ha! ha! what's that, you "ain't so green,"
 You "know that I've been playing poker?"

"I'm chewing cloves?" yes, for a cough:
 I've got a cold, What's that you said?
 "Too bad?" O, yes; what now, "take off
 My boots before I go to bed?"

Of course, my dear, I quite forgot
 I had 'em on. Hic--there they go.
 "Take off my hat?" "I'm drunk?" I'm not.
 I wonder at your talking so.

"You won't put up with,"--hush that child,
 The peace-disturbing little elf.
 Oh, stop its noise; it sets me wild--
 What's that?--hic--'hush the child myself?"

Well, let me have her--by-lo-by--
 Here I am in my stocking feet--
 Safe in your papa's arms you lie;
 By-lo my baby--slumber sweet.

And this is matrimonial life,
 To walk the floor like this, alack!
 He is a fool who takes a wife,
 Great Scott! I've stepped upon a tack.

Great Julius Cæsar! look at that!
 Oh, who would wed for love or pelf--
 My foot!--Here, take this squalling brat
 And try to make it sleep yourself.

Oh, "I'm a brute?" Oh yes, of course--
 That blasted tack! What's that--"I'm rude?"
 "You'll sue at once for a divorce?"
 I wish to goodness that you would.

—THE BOSTON COURIER.

Down by the river side they met,
 Sweet Romeo and Juliet.
 Her hand in his he placed and said,
 "Sweet Juliet, I would thee wed."
 "Indeed?" she queried, "Ah! let's go;
 Get in this boat. Oh! row me, oh!"

—SELECTED.

What the Circus Did.

We were a quiet and sober set,
 Little accustomed to noise and fret,
 Decent and modest at work or play,
 And oh ! so proper in every way,
 Before we went to the Circus !

Nobody had ever seen us go
 At all too fast, or at all too slow;
 No matter how gayly we talked or sang,
 We never had used a word of slang
 Before we went to the Circus !

We went to church, or we went to school,
 By the very most orthodox kind of rule;
 For we were a people of Dutch descent,
 And rather phlegmatic of temperament,
 Until we went to the Circus !

Alas and alas ! 'tis a woful sight,
 The way we are changed at the time I write !
 Father is swaying against the breeze,
 Hung by the toes from a high trapeze,
 Trying to copy the Circus !

The boys on their heads, with feet in air,
 Are riding wild horses on each high chair;
 Or down on their backs on the sidewalk brick
 Are balancing tubs for a juggling trick;
 The girls have painted their hands and face,
 And got themselves up for an Indian race,
 As they saw them do at the Circus !

Mother high up on the table stands,
 Swinging the baby with both her hands;
 Swinging the baby with many a rub,
 And brandishing him like an Indian club !
 While baby himself in a terrible fright,
 Howls like a Zulu from morn till night,
 Since we went to the Circus !

Alas and alas ! I can only say,
 I wish in the night, I wish in the day,
 I wish with my heart, I wish with my head,
 I wish with my ears, which are nearly dead,
 I wish with a sort of mute despair,
 I wish with a shriek that would rend the air
 We never had gone to the Circus !

—WIDE AWAKE.

TEMPERANCE.

Pitcher or Jug ?

Which, in the heat of the noon-tide sun,
Which, when the work of day is done,
Refreshes most the weary one,
Pitcher or jug ?

Which makes strong to cradle the grain,
Which heaps high the highest train,
Which gives muscle and heart and brain,
Pitcher or jug ?

Which sows kindness over the soil;
Lighting the heavy hours of toil
With friendly words that never roil,
Pitcher or jug ?

The pitcher, filled from the bubbling spring,
Playing and spraying.
Curling and whirling,
Over the pebbles, under the hill.
It cools the brow and steadies the brain,
Makes the faint one strong again;
For its daily task it nerves the arm,
And lends to labor a borrowed charm,
It is a step on the road to wealth---
Many a step on the road to health;
It lightens home with a cheerful glow,
And banishes from it useless woe.
It smiles in the children's winsome ways,
And leaves no sting in the holidays.
So in all the things a man will be richer,
If he gives up the jug and drinks from the
pitcher.

A Barrel of Rum.

Good morning Jones, I'm pleased to say
You show a cheerful face to-day.
What has occurred, I'd like to know,
Your countenance is all aglow.

Well, Neighbor Brown, I'll tell you why
You see the twinkle in my eye.
Two days ago I made a hit
That set my spirits up a bit.
I struck a bargain in my line,
A hundred casks of foreign wine.
Also two hundred casks of rum,
The very best, come see it, come,
You used to be a connoisseur
In wine and spirits, ale and beer.
I want your judgment, nothing more,
Come walk right in, this is the store.

And here's the stuff, all paid for too,
And Uncle Sam has got his due,
If 'twere not for such men as I
Poor Uncle Sam might starve and die.

Now I will tap this cask at once
And you your judgment shall pronounce.

No, no, Friend Jones, I'd rather not
Give my opinion of the lot,
But you shall take my specs and see
The rum as it appears to me.
They're Temperance glasses, true and clear,
And stronger grow year after year.

Now put them on, and draw the rum,
And mark the measures as they come.

Jones donned the glasses as advised,
Turned tap and thus soliloquized;

Some smiling faces first appear,
The insignia of right good cheer;
Next laughter, shouts, and ribald jests
By lordly host and high toned guests;
Next blasphemy and oaths come forth,

They merely represent the froth.
A thousand headaches now come out,
And next, a measure of the gout;
Debt, fraud, and social degradation,
Now robbery and assassination,
Now battered heads, a broken nose,
Some tattered rags, but no new clothes,
Now hungry, want, and desolation
Come pouring forth without cessation.
Now bar room fights and drunken brawls,
Now tottering limbs, some ugly falls,
Some journeys to the police stations,
Some losses of good situations,
A case of scandal, and what's worse
Two cruel cases of divorce,
A will defective in the main
Produced by softening of the brain,
Two maniacs with weary feet
Bound for the state insane retreat,
A case of suicide comes now,
And next a murder in a row,
A house in flames I now escry
And hear the helpless victims cry,
The next a shipwreck on the coast
By which a score of lives are lost,
And now a smashup of a train
In which some passengers are slain,
Home fires extinguished on the hearth,
Cold graves of fresh turned mother earth,
God's image here on earth defaced,
A nation shamed, almost disgraced,
A desecrated senate floor.
Enough, enough, I'll draw no more.
If in this single cask we find
So much of evil to mankind
Two hundred barrels I could sell
Would make on earth a very hell,
If Uncle Sam is mean enough
To take the duty on such stuff
He'll get no more of it from me,
I'll keep your spectacles and see.

MALCOLM MOLLAN.

Paul Augustus Blake.

Said Paul: "I'm twenty-one,
And I'm bound to have some fun,
 If I can,
For I'm tired of apron strings
And such tantalizing things,
So this chap will try his wings
 As a man."

But he makes one great mistake,
This Paul Augustus Blake,
In the step that he did take
 On that day;
For he, living at the "Hub,"
Joined a very noisy club,
Where they used to call him "Bub"
 When away.

He drank hard every night,
And was oft in such a plight
That his name in black and white
 Led the van.
And when friends would mourn sincere
For the one they held most dear,
He would cry "Don't interfere;
 I'm a man!

Like the famous "red, red rose,
Were his eyelids and his nose,"
And quite seedy grew his clothes
 Day by day;
'Till the young man clean and neat,
And the ladies fair and sweet,
Shunned his presence on the street;
 So they say.

Though our poor, unblushing Paul,
Standing up against the wall,
Is, I'm sure, full six feet tall—
 Nature's plan;
Though his age, now forty years,
And I tell it you with tears,
He has never, it appears,
 Been a man!

—MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

He Stood at the Bar.

I.

He stood at the bar, with a lofty head;
 "Rum in mine," were words he said.

Few his years, and his face was fair,
 But he tossed the glass with a jaunty air,

Which plainly said, to the thirsty crew,
 "Used to this sort of thing, you know."

"Rum in mine, is the word," said he,
 "Comrades what shall the tippie be?"

Up from the corners where they sat,
 Snoozing under the battered hat;

Shuffled the loafers at the call—
 Snuffed the bummers, one and all.

With bleary eye and a drunken "hic !"
 And a "damme, my boy, but you're a brick !"

A bowl of punch, or a "whisky skin,"
 A brandy smash or a glass of gin,

Was freely passed, and they clinked the glass
 In a wild carouse, till the morn, alas !

Revealed a corpse—a fiendish band,
 A trembling youth, and a bloody hand.

And the click was heard of the jailor's lock,
 As they led him in from the prisoner's dock,

II.

He stood at the bar with a bended head;
 "Guilty, my lord," were the words he said,

Few his years, and his face was fair,
 But he swung like a man, in the morning air,

And he plainly said, as he stretched the line,
 "Rum was the tippie, rum in mine,"

He stood at the bar of the last appeal,
 But the judgment there I may not reveal :

I only know that the Judge of all
 Is never at loss where the blow should fall,

And it may be true that the tempter there
 Hath far the heaviest load to bear.

JOHN W. STORRS.

The Crab.

While poets are writing on all sorts of themes—
Of the Moon and the Stars, of the Sun and his beams,
Of the Sky with its clouds and ethereal blue,
Of things that are old and things that are new,
Of Mountain and Valley and Forest and Plain;
Of Love in a cottage, a palace or lane,
Of Royalty, Loyalty, Glory and War,
Of things that are near us and things that are far,
Of the birds of the air or the fish in the sea,
Of the innocent lamb or the laboring bee,
Of all sorts of pets such as Rover or Tab;
Now who ever wrote of the Lobster or Crab?

Poor Crabbie! So ugly in figure and face,
Not one line of beauty on him you can trace;
His prominent features; his great horny eyes;
He walks not; he swims not; he hops not, nor flies.
But sideways he paddles away with his flippers,
And carries for weapons a huge pair of nippers.
There's no one to love him except when he's boiled.
And then people grumble and say he is spoiled
In the cooking; or, that he's so full of bones,
A hungry man might as well dine upon stones.
Poor Crabbie! All see him in just such a light
Now let us turn over and view him aright.

The first and best thing we can say in his praise—
He is a teetotaler; sober always;
He drinks nothing stronger than water and salt,
You could not induce him to tamper with malt.
That he's a philanthropist you will soon see—
Now every teetotaler is that or should be.

When one of his kind is disabled or sick,
He pounces on him, ever ready and quick;
Not to crush and destroy him as some *people* do,
But to nurse and protect him and fight for him too.

All experienced fishermen know the fact well,
That a crab periodically casts off his shell;
This leaves him defenceless—a soft, easy prey
To all sorts of prowlers that come in his way.
The sly, skulking bass, ever ready to grab
And devour with a relish the poor shelled Crab,
Keeps aloof when the noble protector is near,
His rapacity yields to the force of his fear.
His fears are well grounded, for right well he knows,
That rather than yield his weak friend to his foes,
The crab like the bravest of heroes will fight
To the death in the cause of the weak against might.

Now, if this little creature, so humble and low,
This magnanimous trait in his nature can show,
Where, where is your boast, oh ye “Lords of Creation?”
Do ye equally strive for another’s salvation?
Do you lift up the fallen, the weak, and the sick?
And while he is down never give him a kick?
Do you grasp with true kindness his tremulous hand,
And when he is tottering assist him to stand?
His poor heavy heart do you comfort and cheer,
By whispering encouraging words in his ear?
In short; do you do all you possibly can
To assist and encourage your poor fellow-man?

If so, you’re engaged in a glorious cause,
And whatever betides never falter or pause;
Let the cowardly tremble who dread the affray;
Let the recreant waver, his arms cast away;
While the Temperance Army with banners unfurled,
In the cause of Humanity faces the world.
Together we’re fighting the same common foe,
And shoulder to shoulder in battle we go;
No strife in our midst except true emulation,
Who hardest can work for the drunkard’s salvation.

MALCOLM MOLLAN.

The Drunkard's Doom.

No wine nor beer
Can make good cheer,
Nor brandy, whisky, rum ;
It must appear,
And very clear,
These drinks make wrath to come.

Though tiplers drink,
And vainly think
It is no harm to sip;
From bloodshot blink,
They well may shrink,
And never take a nip.

With all its might,
Drink spreads a blight
Upon the drinker's life.
A painful sight,
His dreadful plight
Is wretchedness and strife.

The drinker rends,
From kindred, friends,
The love they felt of yore;
His money spends,
And right offends,
And grovels more and more.

While home bewails,
Drink want ontails,
And hastens to consume;
While it prevails,
No help avails
To stay the drunkard's doom.

So therefore be
Forever free
From vices high and low;
From tipsy glee,
And sottish spree,
And all the drunkard's woe,

EPHER WHITAKER,

Southold, N. Y.

Away with Rum.

"Away with rum!" should be the cry
Throughout the entire land,
To save the thousands who yearly die
Cursed with the drunkard's brand

Onward with main strength and might
To rescue those that fall,
Hoist the temperance banner high in sight
To encourage one and all.

United be, with heart and hand,
To keep the tyrant down,
Lead on every striving temperance band
To win glory and renown.

'Tis a righteous blessing to mankind
Your fellow man to save
From that dark abyss they seek to find
The drunkard's untimely grave.

Then banish drink from off the land,
And desolate homes make free.
Our laws and country will more nobly stand
In truth, love and liberty.

JOHN HOLMES.

Crumbs.

Serve thou the truth and high exalted be,
Though rags thy livery.

Be thou upon the crumbs of Wisdom fed,
And ask but daily bread.

Share all thou hast, and glorious thy lot,
Though sheltered by a cot.

Be glad thy feet on burning coals have trod,
If thou has served thy God.

G. CRAMER.

Only.

It was "only" a match, a splinter of pine;—
Harmless enough in itself if you please;—
A handful of shavings cut thinly and fine,
But where could be harm in such trifles as these?

It was "only" a drunkard that lighted the match
And the shavings, that kindled a city to flame!
It was "only" a bolt, but it shackled the wretch,
And held him for life to a prison of shame.

It was "only" a leaf in the stream, as it flowed,
That turned it from peace to the turbulent way;
It was "only" a step at the fork of the road,
And youth was a wreck in the darkness astray.

It was "only" a drop from the lethean spring,
That sparkled and gleamed in the depths of the bowl;
A sweet little drop, but it covered a sting,
That pierced to the depths of an innocent soul,

A drop, boys, a drop! and a seed hath been sown--
Like the upas, ere long that shall spring upon high!
A drop, boys, a drop! and the curse is thine own;
Drink, drink, if you will, till the goblet be dry.

But charge not the folly to God or to "fate!"
No child ever took as a gift from His hand,--
The loving All Father--this besom of hate,
That burns and consumes and destroys in the land!

Shake up the glass, till the demon within,
Is white with the venom that comes to the top;
A drop, boy, a drop! it will do to begin;--
But remember, the gallows hath also a "drop."

JOHN W. STORRS.

BROOM DRILL.

HOW TO ORGANIZE.

Select eight young ladies and an equal number of young men.

Provide the ladies with brooms, tastefully decorated with ribbons, and the young men with hoes, covering the blade with red cambric. Tie a ribbon or string on the handles an equal distance apart so that when the company comes to a carry the tops of the implements will be uniform. No attempt is made to give strict military drill, and much must be left to the judgment and taste of the organizer or Captain, as it is impossible to make all the commands and instructions clear through the medium of type. The main point to be gained is *time* and *discipline*. In brief, be soldiery in every movement, Look straight to the front, carry the head erect and the shoulders well back, and follow orders under all circumstances. Never smile when you are before an audience or turn the head.

Just before the rise of the curtain, let the 16 participants form in line in 'company front,' all facing the audience at "Parade Rest."

The Captain will then give the following commands:

Attention Company.
Carry Arms.
Right Dress.
Eyes Front.
Count off by Twos.
Present Arms.
Carry Arms.
Support Arms.
Carry Arms.
Right Shoulder Shift.
Carry Arms.
Ready, Take Aim, Fire,
Recover Arms.
Order Arms.
Ground Arms.
Take Arms.
Carry Arms.
Charge Bayonets.
Recover Arms.
About Face.
Forward, Guide Right, March.
Halt.
About Face.
Forward, Guide Right, March.
Halt.
Right Face.
Forward, Single File, March,
Form Twos.
Right and Left Wheel.
By Twos, March.
Form Fours.
Form Twos.
Single File.
Halt.
About Face.
In two Ranks Right Wheel, March.
Halt.
Front Rank About Face.
Company Present Arms.
Carry Arms.
Cross Arms.
Carry Arms.
Backward Guide Right March.
Into Line March.

If it is desirable to prolong the entertainment, movements may be repeated, or others added. In organizing the drill it is best to secure the aid and advice of a military man if possible.

In giving commands always pause between the words, thus: "Carry—Arms!" Make the commands loud and distinct, dwelling longer on the first word, and giving the last command quick and sharp. In the command "Ready—Take aim—Fire!" each one should bring the right foot sharply down on the stage at the word "Fire!" This movement can also be executed with good effect in the command to "Charge—Bayonets!" When the command is given to "Right and Left Wheel—March" the ranks separate, one line going to the left and the other to the right, and as the lines pass and repass the effect is very pleasing.

When the instructor wishes the company to pass from "Parade Rest" he will command "Attention—Company!"

Each rank must align from the pivots or guides selected from both sexes. Touch lightly the elbow of the person toward the pivot.

In counting twos each rank counts from right to left—one, two, one two, etc., in a loud and distinct voice.

LADIES.—The Ladies' costume should be of turkey red print, made baby-waist fashion, with the yoke and sleeves of white muslin, tied with red bows on the shoulders, and the dress-skirt just a little short, so as to reveal the feet nicely, and thus show to advantage the regularity of marching. The headgear to consist of a dusting-cap made of white paper muslin, bound about the frill with red, and a red bow on one side. The straw part of the broom should be woven in and out artistically, with red and white muslin, with bows of red and white muslin, and bows of red and white on the handle.

GENTLEMEN.—The gentlemen's costume should be white knee pants, bright blue socks, blue blouse waists, and large white straw hats with blue bands, and white neck-ties. The hoes should have a cap of blue drawn over the blade, made to fit smoothly, with white and blue bows on the handles.

JUVENILE.

That Boy.

Through the house with laugh and shout,
Knees threadbare and elbows out,
Mamma hears with anxious doubt,
That boy.

Vainly all the lessons taught,
In one short hour they are forgot,
Gentle manners learneth not
That boy.

Thus she muses while she tries
To soothe the wakened baby's cries,
While to other mischief hies
That boy.

Patient mother, wait awhile;
Summon back thy loving smile,
Soon will graver cares beguile
That boy.

Soon the boy with "cheek of tan"
Will be the brawny, bearded man.
If thou would trust and honor then
That boy.

Trust him now and let thy care
Shield his soul from every snare
That waits to capture, unaware,
That boy.

And when, though worn and oft distressed,
Thou knowest that God thy work hath bless'd
Then trust with him for all the rest
That boy.

Romance of a Tadpole.

A Tadpole sat on a cold, gray stone,
And sadly thought of his life.

"Alas, must I live all alone," said he,
"Or shall I espouse me a wife?"

A wise old frog, on the brink of the stream,
Leaned over and said with a sigh:

"Oh, wait till you're older, my dear young
friend,
You'll have better taste by and by!

"Girls change, you know, and the Pollywog
slim

That takes your fancy to-day
May not be the Polly at all you'd choose
When the summer has passed away."

But the Tadpole rash thought he better knew,
And married a Pollywog fair,
And before the summer was over he sat
On the brink of that stream in despair.

For would you believe it? his fair young bride
Proved to be but a stupid frog,
With never a trace of the beauty and grace
Of young Miss Pollywog.

And although the Tadpole had grown
Stout and stupid, too,
He only saw the faults of his wife
As others sometimes do.

To all young Tadpoles my moral is this:
Before you settle in life

Be sure you know without any doubt
What you want in the way of a wife.

—BLOOMINGTON EYE.

"Here John, don't eat those crackers up,"
She said with a hateful snap;

"They're some I saved on purpose
To put in the baby's pap,"

"Well, said John, edging for the door,
And reaching for his hat,

"What makes you so cross about it then?
Ain't I the baby's pap?"

SELECTED,

For A Dumb Animal Entertainment.

Enter a little girl fondling a small kitten.

My dear little kitty
I know it's a pity
To show you in public just now,
But you are so clever
I long more than ever
To give you a squeeze-(Meow! by the girl.)

Ah! well I remember
The day in December,
I found you far up in the mow,
With three little others
I knew were your brothers
By their sweet, tender voices.--(Meow!
Meow! Meow! by three small girls.)

Clear, sparkling cold water
For son or for daughter
Is good we all must allow,
But to drown their sad crying
And leave them all dying
Brings tears to my eyes.--(Meow! Meow!
Meow! in stifled tones.)

I'll save you, my jewel,
From torture so cruel,
By some means, I cannot tell how,
I know there is danger
From each tabby stranger,
Who prowls about howling--(Meow! etc.,
deep voice.)

Now kitty, we're going
And let us be showing
Politeness to all by 'good night, and a bow,
And instead of the singing
You will now hear the ringing
Of voices of children, like cats in a row!
--(Meow! Meow! by all the class.)

—OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Mother's Darling.

Bounding like a football; kicking at the door
Falling from the table-top; sprawling on the
floor;
Smashing cups and saucers; splitting dolly's
head;
Putting little pussy-cat into baby's bed.

Building shops and houses ; spoiling papa's
hat,
Hiding mother's bunch of keys underneath
the mat,

Jumping on the fender, poking at the fire,
Dancing on his little legs ; legs that never tire
Making mother's heart leap fifty times a day
Aping every thing we do, every word we say.

Shouting, laughing, tumbling, roaring with
a will,

Anywhere and everywhere never, never still,
Present, bringing sunshine; Absent, leaving
night,

That's our precious darling, that's our heart's
delight.

Making Both Ends Meet.

The baby rolls upon the floor,
Kicks up his tiny feet,
And pokes his toes into his mouth—
Thus making both ends meet.

The dog, attached to a tin pail,
Goes howling down the street
And, as he madly bites his tail,
He maketh both ends meet.

The butcher slays the pensive pig,
Cuts off his ears and feet,
And grinds them in a sausage big—
Thus making both ends meet.

The farmer coops his skinny hens
And feeds them with choice wheat;
The means must justify the ends,
And so he makes them eat,

The Stranger Cat.

A little girl with golden hair
Was rocking in her grandma's chair,
When in there walked a stranger cat--
(I'm sure there's nothing strange in that.)

It was a cat with kinky ears
And very aged for its years,
The little girl remarked "O scat!"
(I think there's nothing strange in that.)

But presently with stealthy tread
The cat, which at her word had fled,
Returned with cane, and boots and hat
(I fear there's something strange in that.)

"Excuse me," and the cat bowed low,
"I hate to trouble you, you know,
But tell me have you seen a rat?"
(I know there's something strange in that.)

The little girl was very shy--
"Well, really, I can't say that I
Have seen one lately, Mr. Cat."
(I'm sure there's something strange in that.)

"O haven't you?" the cat replied;
Thanks, I am deeply gratified.
I really couldn't eat a rat,"
(We all know what to think of that,)

And then the cat with kinky ears
And so much wisdom for its years
Retired, with a soft pit a-pat
(And that was all there was of that.)

N. B. BARCOCK.

Two little hands so soft and white
This is the left, and this is the right,
Five little fingers standing on each,
So I can hold a plum'b or a peach.
When I get as big as you.
Lots of things *these* han is will do.

Love One Another.

It was Saturday night, and two children small
Sat on the stairs of the lighted hall,
Vexed and troubled and sore perplexed
To learn for Sabbath the forgotten text,
Only three words on a gilded card,
But both the children declared it hard.

“‘Love,’ that is easy—it means, why this:
A warm embrace and a loving kiss :
But ‘one another,’ I don’t see who
Is meant by ‘another’—now, May, do you ?”

Very gladly she raised her head,
Our thoughtful darling, and slowly said,
As she fondly smiled on the little brother :
“Why, I am only one, and you are another,
And this is the meaning—don’t you see?—
That I must love you, and you must love me.”

Wise little preacher ! could any sage
Interpret better the sacred page ?

—UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

Sense Without Sentiment.

Don’t try to get a husband,
But strive each day to be
A pure and noble woman,
Come wealth or poverty.

Be clean in heart and person,
Ignore not household lore ;
Be modest, helpful, cheerful—
No man can ask for more.

A good and filial daughter
Will make a faithful wife ;
A man is blest and happy
With such to share his life.

Grandpa's Darling.

A golden head and a pair of eyes
 Blue and merry as summer's skies ;
 Dimpled cheeks and a dimpled chin,
 Where many kisses have tumbled in !
 That's grandpa's darling ! And where is he ?
 Enthroned, as usual, on grandpa's knee,
 Searching pockets in coat and vest,
 With mischievous fingers never at rest.
 'Tis grandpa ever finds time to play
 With his "troublesome comfort" every day ;
 Never too tired, never too sad.
 To make the little one merry and glad.
 There are kisses for every bruise and tumble
 Kisses for even a scowl or a grumble,
 And a host of secrets, I will confess,
 Which nobody ever is able to guess.
 So dear old grandpa, with silver hair,
 And "grandpa's darling," without a care
 To shadow the joy of his little heart,
 Are rarely each from the other apart.
 And e'en when the twilight comes at last,
 And the drowsy blue eyes are closing fast,
 From grandpa's arms and from grandpa's
 breast

Mamma must bear her boy to rest.
 Harper's Weekly.

Just Four Years Old.

Just four years old; but mark his royal air
 As down the village street he takes his way
 His head erect; a consciousness is there
 Of power that he possessed not yesterday.

Whence springs the pride that here we see
 displayed ?
 Has he been made a present of a box of toys ?
 No ; the discovery he just has made
 That he can whistle like the other boys.

Ah ! who can tell the happiness he feels ?
 The bubbling joy, the unalloyed delight !
 For weeks to come he'll whistle at his meals
 And whistle when he goes to bed at night.

Boston Courier.

The Life of Man.

Man, born of woman, is of few days and no teeth. And, indeed, it would be money in his pocket sometimes if he had less of either. As for his days he wasteth one-third of them, and as for his teeth he has convulsions when he cuts them, and as the last one comes through, lo, the dentist is twisting the first one out, and the last end of that man's jaw is worse than the first, being full of porcelain and a roof-plate built to hold huckleberry seeds. Stone bruises line his pathway to manhood; his father boxes his ears at home, the big boys cuff him in the play ground, and the teacher whips him in the school room. He buyeth Northwestern at 110, when he hath sold short at 96, and his neighbor unloadeth upon him Iron Mountain at 63 5-8, and it straightway breaketh down to 52 $\frac{1}{4}$. He riseth early and sitteth up late that he may fill his barns and store-houses, and lo! his children's lawyers divide the spoils among themselves and say "Ha ha!" He growleth and is sore distressed because it raineth, and he beateth upon his breast and sayeth, "My crop is lost, because it raineth not. The late rains blight his wheat and the frost biteth his peaches. If it be so that the sun shineth even among the nineties, he sayeth, "Woe is me, for I perish," and if the northwest wind sigheth down in forty-two below he crieth, "Would I were dead!" If he wear sackcloth and blue jeans men say, "He is a tramp," and if he goeth forth shaven and clad in purple and fine linen all the people cry, "Shoot the dude!" He carryeth insurance for twenty five years, until he hath paid thrice over for all his goods, and then he letteth his policy lapse one day, and that same night fire destroyeth his store. He buildeth him a house in Jersey, and his first born is devoured by mosquitoes; he pitcheth his tents in New York and tramps devour his substance. He moveth to Kansas, and a cyclone carryeth his house away over into Misscuri, while a prairie fire and ten million acres of grasshoppers fight for his crop. He settleth himself in Kentucky, and is shot the next day by a gentleman, a Colonel and a statesman, "because, he resembles, sah, a man, sah, he did not like, sah." Verily there is no rest for the sole of his foot, and if he had it to do over again he would not be born at all; for "the day of death is better than the day of one's birth."—Robert J. Burdette.

GEMS

FOR THE AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

Of all the clouds that fly the air
The blue, the black, the red,
Of all the cakes my mammy bakes,
Give me the gingerbread.

TYPE SETTER.

Think ye maidens tender hearted ?
Bending o'er the glowing words ?
Think how many hands have labored,
For the sweets your page affords.

To love is but a painful thrill,
Not to love more painful still,
But then it is the worst of pain,
To love and not be loved again.

E'en time shall now from my heart
Thy much loved image blot,
Tho' every other dream depart,
[Thou wilt not be forgot.

The happiness of your life depends upon
the quality of your thoughts; therefore,
guard accordingly, and take care that you
entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue
and unreasonable to nature.

There is no grove on earth's broad chart
But has some bird to cheer it ;
So Hope sings on in every heart,
Although we may not hear it,
And if to-day the heavy wing
Of sorrow is oppressing,
Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring
The weary heart some blessing.

Let others praise the hue,
That mantles on thy face,
Thine eyes of heavenly blue,
And mein of faultless grace,
These charms I freely own,
But still a higher find,
T'will last when beauty's flown,
Thy matchless charm of mind.

'Tis o'er ! but never from my heart,
Shall time thine image blot,
The dreams of other days depart,
Thou shalt not be forgot,
And never in the suppliant's sigh.
Poured forth to Him who sways the sky,
Shall mine own name be breathed on high,
And thine remembered not.

I will love thee as long as ever swallows,
Shall build their nests when Spring's return
is near;
I will love thee as long as woody hollows
The turtle dove's sweet, plaintive moan shall
hear.
I will love thee as long as flamelet breathless,
Around the torch of love shall flickering play,
For love's sweet sake have we the spirit
deathless—
I will love thee until my dying day.

When you a pair of bright eyes meet,
That make your heart in rapture beat;
When one voice seems to you more sweet
Than any other voice you know,
Go slow, my friend, go slow;
For brightest eyes have oft betrayed,
And sweetest voice of youth and maid
The very falsest thing have said,
Add thereby wrought a deal of woe:
Go slow, my friend, go slow.

'Tis not the face, 'tis not the form,
'Tis not the heart, however warm;
It is not these, though all combined,
That win true love; it is the mind.

Man's love is like Scotch snuff,
One pinch and that's enough.

When lovely woman is not jolly,
But hides some secret grief within,
What art can cure her melancholy?
Seal's kin.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow,
Let things of the future alone,
What's the use to anticipate sorrow,
Life's troubles come ever too soon.

'Tis by defeat we conquer,
Grow rich by growing poor;
And from our largest giving
We draw our largest store.

Our lives are albums written through
With good or ill, with false or true,
And when recording angels turn
The record of our years,
God grant they read the good with smiles
And blot the ill with tears.

What other friends, dear friend, you find,
Let me not vanish from your mind,
But keep me in remembrance true,
And the same love I'll bear for you.

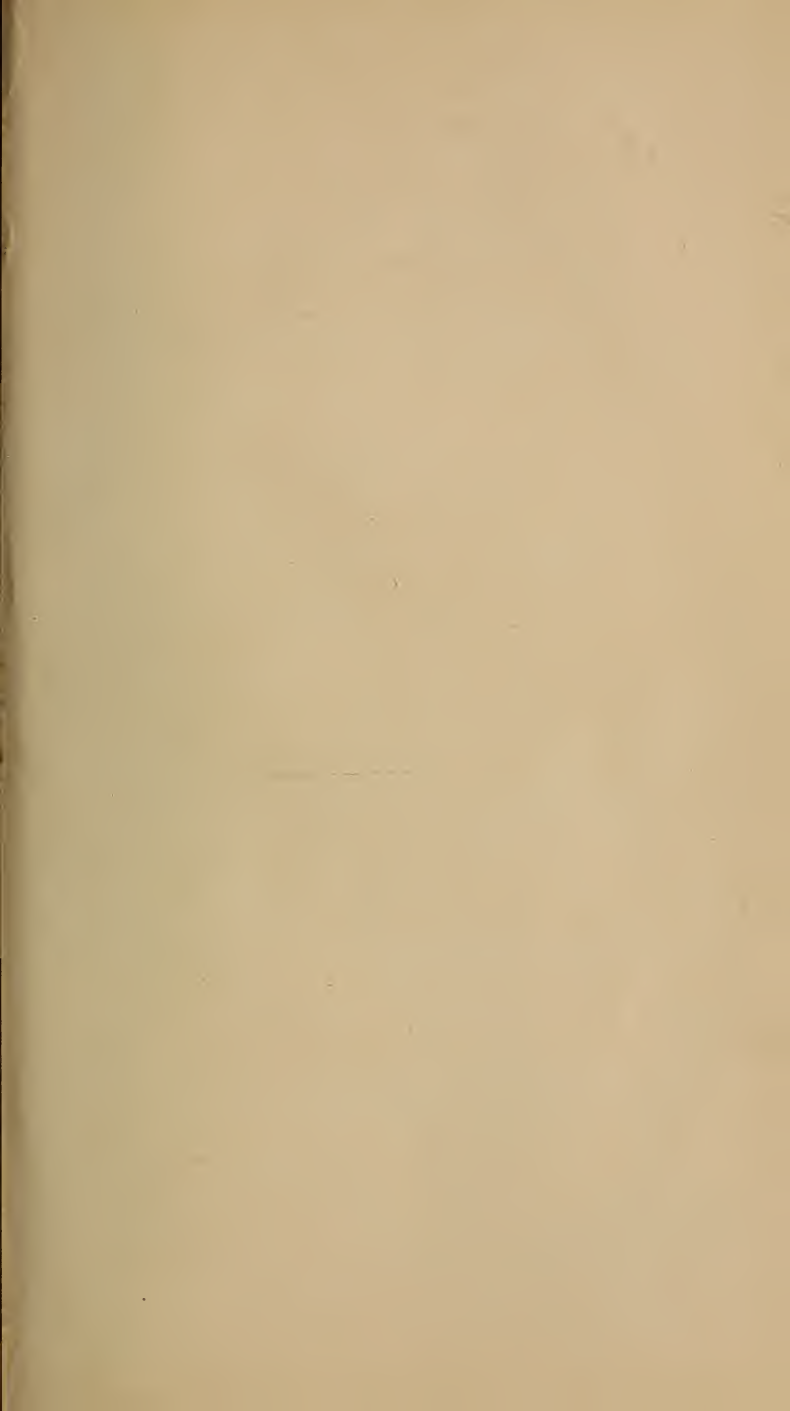
GOOD BY.

We say it for an hour or for years;
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears ;
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss ;
And yet we have no other word than this—
“Good by.”

We have no dearer word for our heart's
friend,
For him who journeys to the world's far end,
And scars our soul with going; thus we say,
As unto him who steps but o'er the way—
“Good-by.”

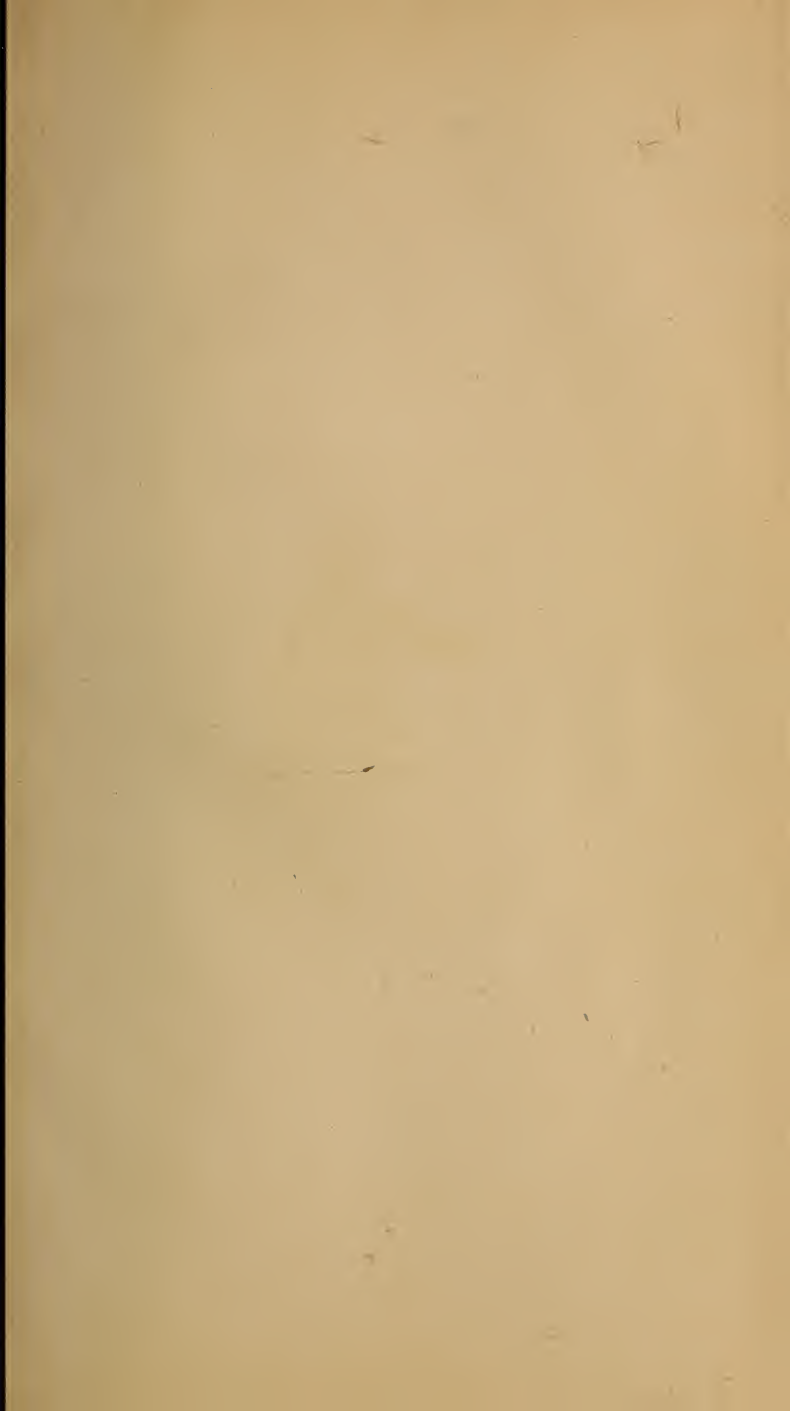
Alike to those we love and those we hate.
We say no more in parting. At life's gate,
To him who passes out beyond earth's sight.
We cry, as to the wanderer for a night—
“Good by.”

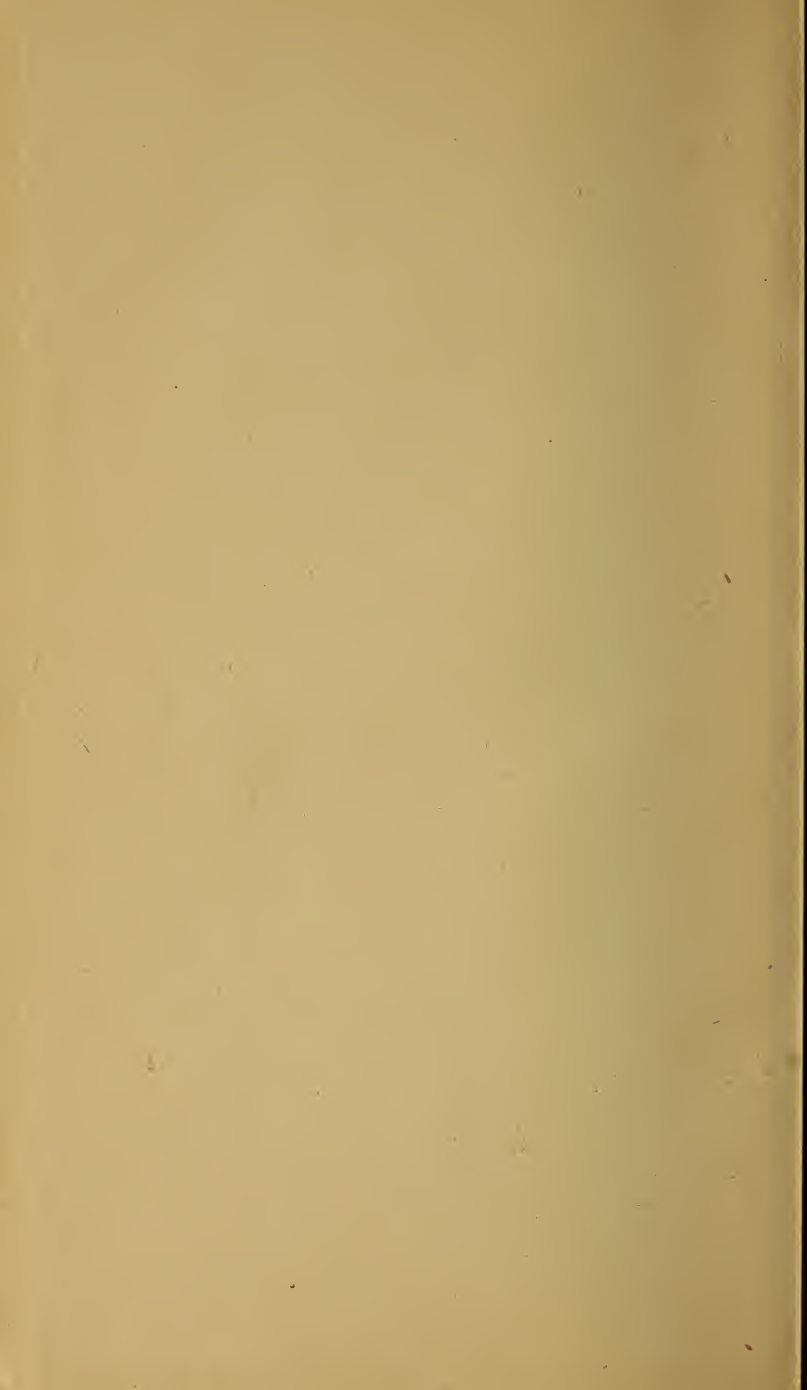
Washington Star.

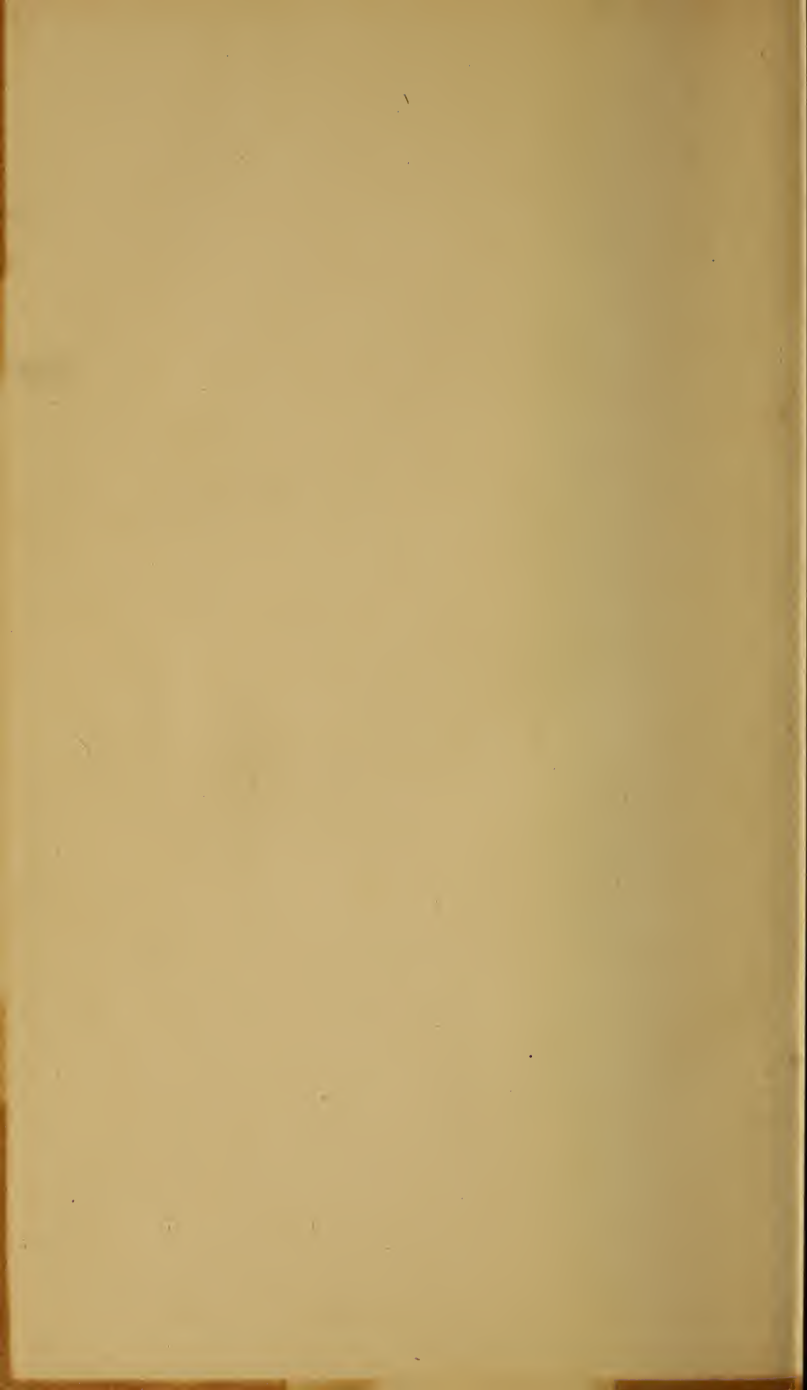


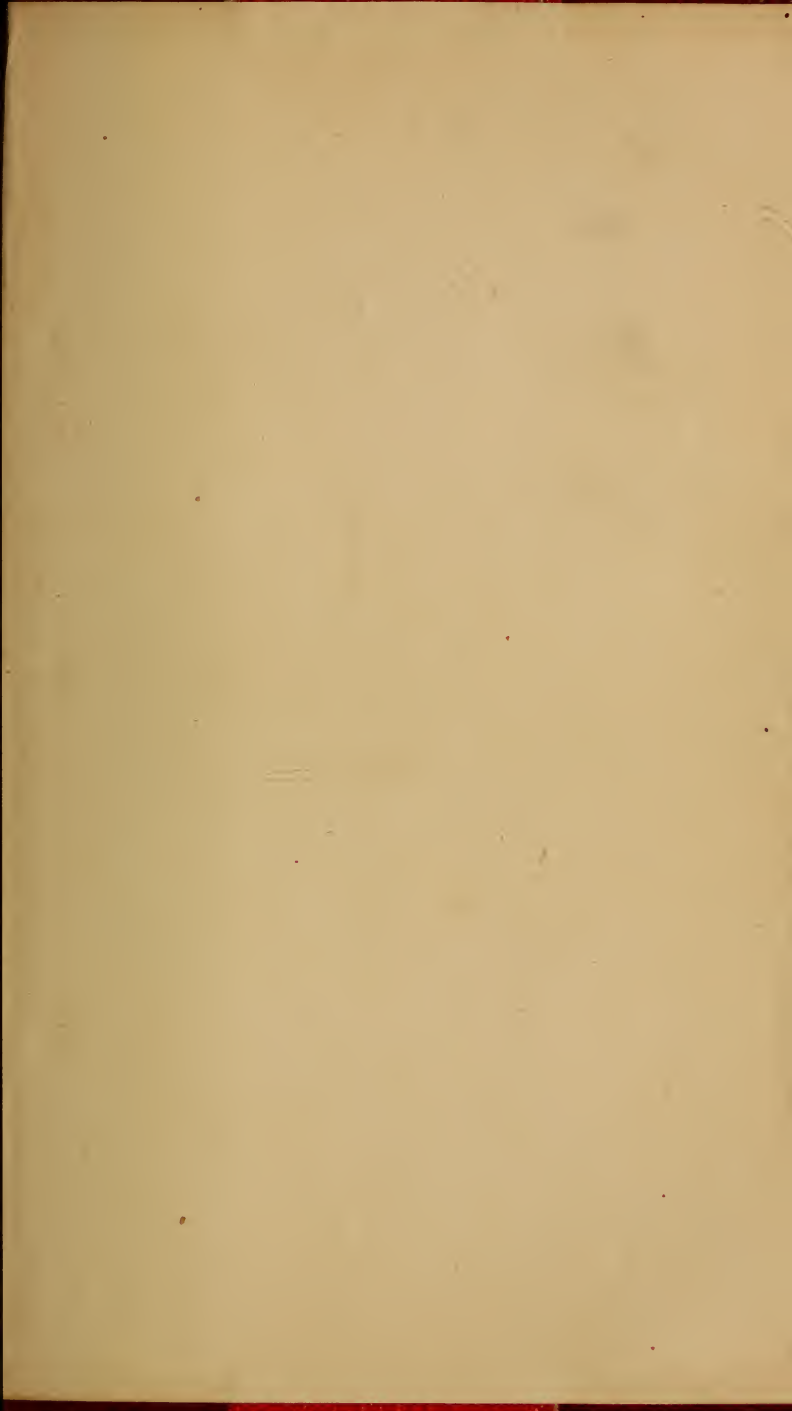
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